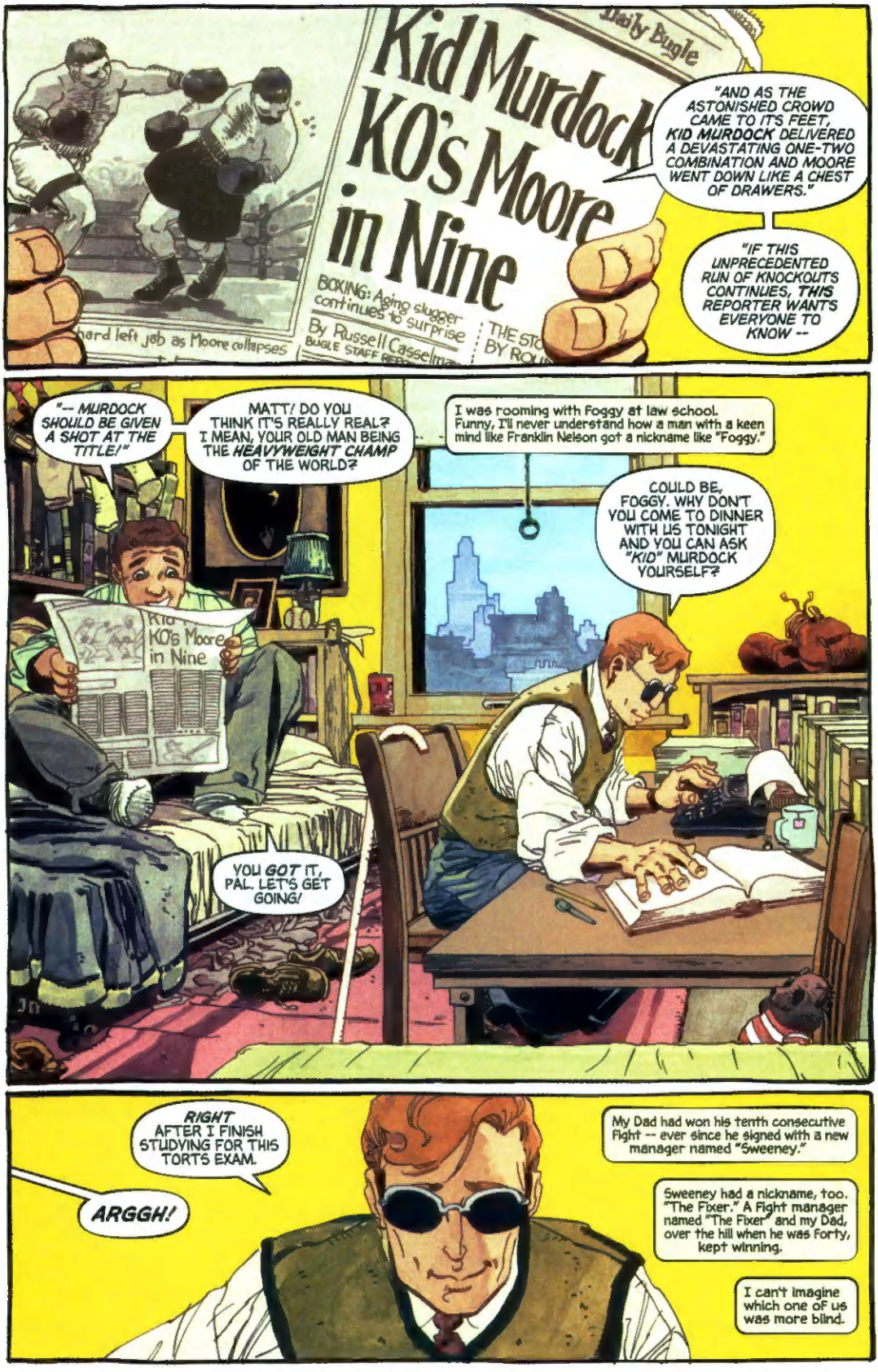
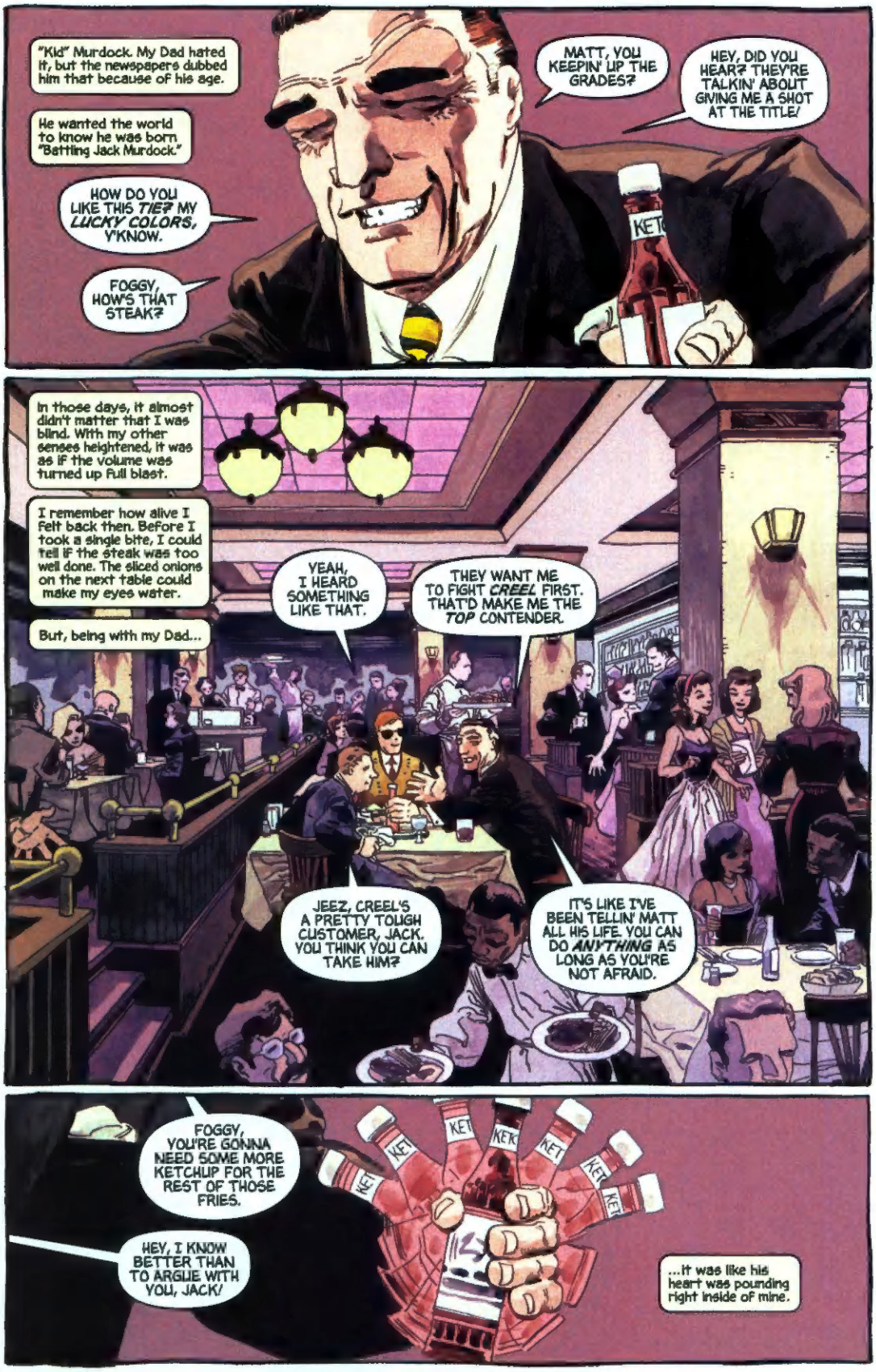
Just when I think it is all going to get easier, I close my eyes and I see you in my arms.
It's as if a hole were torn open in the center of my chest. After a while, it starts to close up and...
...someone has a laugh that sounds like you or wears a perfume that smells like you and...
...it tears the hole wide open again.
I don't feel like eating. I find it hard to concentrate.
I can't do my job, Karen. I can't live my life.

It's gotten so bad that now Foggy is worried.
And, as you may remember, when Foggy gets worried, he starts to look for solutions.
Seems he's come up with a suggestion -- I don't know where he gets these things --
-- that I write you a letter.
About how I'm Feeling.
To get it all out.
I've decided it was not the worst idea in the world.
FOGWELL'S GYM
POLICE DO NOT CROSS
ICE

I went over to Fogwell's Gym the other night. There had been a fire and not much was left.
My Dad practically lived in that place.
Years later, even through the ash, all I could smell was his Old Spice aftershave and talcum powder.
KID MURDOCK
I'm not sure what I should be writing to you, but I thought if I went back to the beginning...
...you could help me find "The Man Without Fear" again...


Daily Bugle
Kid Murdock KO's Moore in Nine
BOXING: Aging slugger continues to surprise
By Russell Casselman
"AND AS THE ASTONISHED CROWD CAME TO ITS FEET, KID MURDOCK DELIVERED A DEVASTATING ONE-TWO COMBINATION AND MOORE WENT DOWN LIKE A CHEST OF DRAWERS."
"IF THIS UNPRECEDENTED RUN OF KNOCKOUTS CONTINUES, THIS REPORTER WANTS EVERYONE TO KNOW --
"-- MURDOCK SHOULD BE GIVEN A SHOT AT THE TITLE!"
MATT! DO YOU THINK IT'S REALLY REAL? I MEAN, YOUR OLD MAN BEING THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP OF THE WORLD?
I was rooming with Foggy at law school. Funny, I'll never understand how a man with a keen mind like Franklin Nelson got a nickname like "Foggy."
COULD BE, FOGGY. WHY DON'T YOU COME TO DINNER WITH US TONIGHT AND YOU CAN ASK "KID" MURDOCK YOURSELF?
YOU GOT IT, PAL. LET'S GET GOING!
RIGHT AFTER I FINISH STUDYING FOR THIS TORTS EXAM.
ARGGH!
My Dad had won his tenth consecutive fight -- ever since he signed with a new manager named "Sweeney."
Sweeney had a nickname, too. "The Fixer." A fight manager named "The Fixer" and my Dad, over the hill when he was forty, kept winning.
I can't imagine which one of us was more blind.

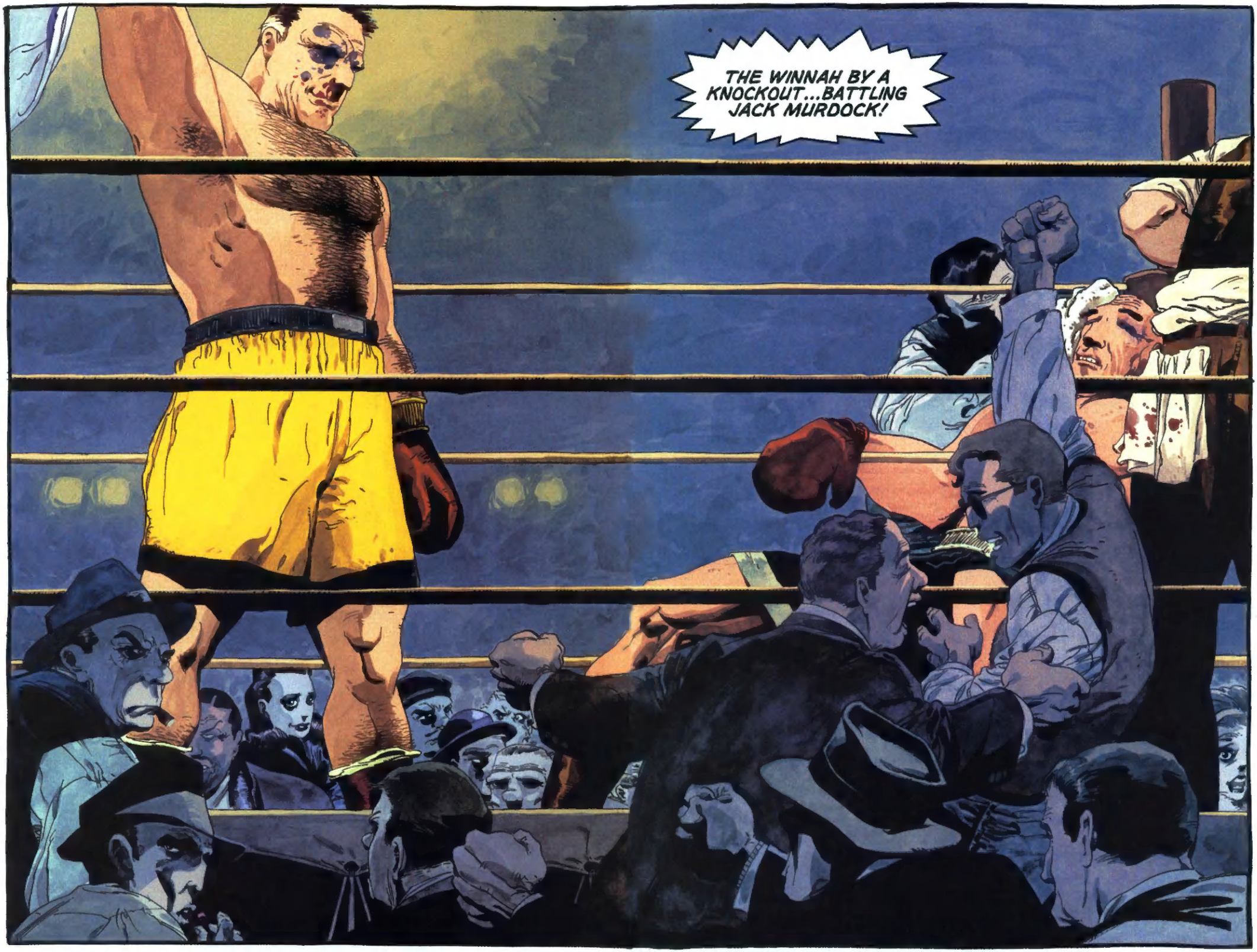

"Kid" Murdock. My Dad hated it, but the newspapers dubbed him that because of his age.
He wanted the world to know he was born "Battling Jack Murdock."
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS TIE? MY LUCKY COLORS, Y'KNOW.
FOGGY, HOW'S THAT STEAK?
MATT, YOU KEEPIN' UP THE GRADES?
HEY, DID YOU HEAR? THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT GIVING ME A SHOT AT THE TITLE!
In those days, it almost didn't matter that I was blind. With my other senses heightened, it was as if the volume was turned up full blast.
I remember how alive I felt back then. Before I took a single bite, I could tell if the steak was too well done. The sliced onions on the next table could make my eyes water.
But, being with my Dad...
YEAH, I HEARD SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
THEY WANT ME TO FIGHT CREEL FIRST. THAT'D MAKE ME THE TOP CONTENDER.
JEEZ, CREEL'S A PRETTY TOUGH CUSTOMER, JACK. YOU THINK YOU CAN TAKE HIM?
IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN TELLIN' MATT ALL HIS LIFE. YOU CAN DO ANYTHING AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT AFRAID.
FOGGY, YOU'RE GONNA NEED SOME MORE KETCHUP FOR THE REST OF THOSE FRIES.
HEY, I KNOW BETTER THAN TO ARGUE WITH YOU, JACK!
...it was like his heart was pounding right inside of mine.

My Dad was a Southpaw. He fought lefty. In boxing, that's not a good thing. It throws you off balance.
I thought it threw his whole world off balance.
EEK!
POP
FAP
OH, BOY.
LADIES, I COULD NOT BE MORE SORRY. I JUST DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH!
MATT, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT. HE SPILLED KETCHUP ALL OVER THE PLACE.
OH, I BELIEVE IT, FOGGY.
...SURE, BATTLING JACK MURDOCK, THAT'S ME...
Even from where I was sitting, I could smell Sweeney's cheap cigars on the money as my Dad offered to buy the women dinner...

OH, AND CREEL DELIVERS A WICKED UPPERCUT AND MURDOCK GOES DOWN!
ONE!
TWO!
THREE!
LISSEN TO ME, MURDOCK, YOU STAY DOWN LIKE A GOOD BOY.
...CAN'T...
LOOK, YOU BUM, YOU SAID YOU'D TAKE A DIVE AND YOU'LL TAKE A DIVE.
UH...MATT, THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES WHERE YOU'RE BETTER OFF BEING BLIND.
NO OFFENSE.
WHAT? YOU THINK YOU GOT HERE TONIGHT FAIR AND SQUARE?
EVERY FIGHT YOU'VE HAD HAS BEEN FIXED. ALL THE OTHER GUYS TOOK DIVES.
NOW, LAY DOWN.
SCREW YOU.
FIVE!
SIX!
SEVEN!
Foggy didn't know it then but... I didn't need to have eyesight to know my Dad was looking right at me.

DON'T BE A SAP, MURDOCK. I'M JUST GONNA KILL YA.
Whatever deal my Dad had made, they didn't know him like I did.
GET UP, JACK! YOU CAN DO IT!
He might've thought of himself as an "uneducated pug" -- but he lived by one rule.
"The measure of a man is not in how he gets knocked down to the mat..."

"...it is in how he gets up!"
TAKE HIM, DAD!
UNBELIEVABLE! "SOUTHPAW" JACK MURDOCK HAS FLOORED CREEL WITH A HARD RIGHT TO THE JAW!

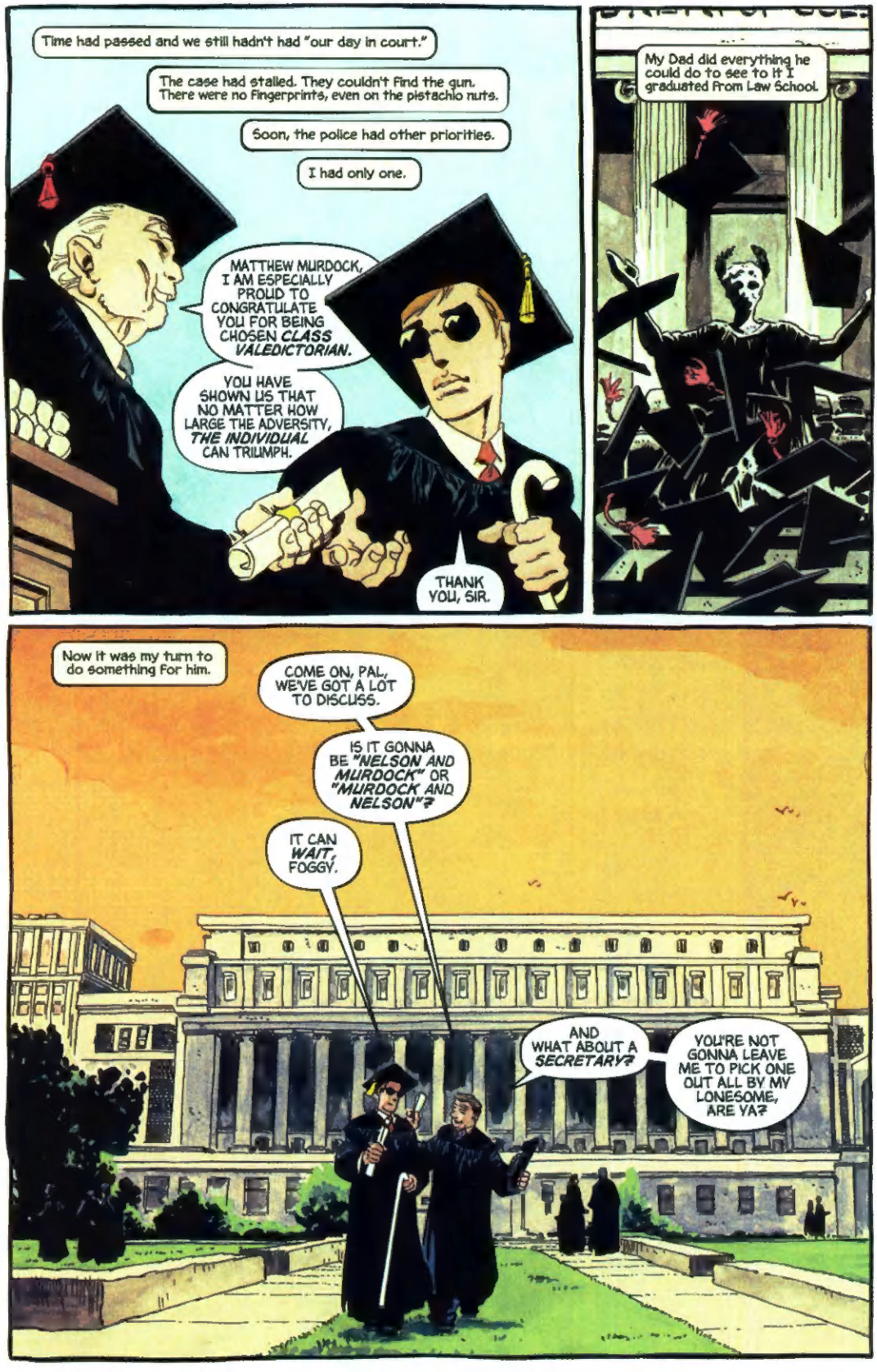

THE WINNAH BY A KNOCKOUT...BATTLING JACK MURDOCK!

I wish...I wish I told my Dad how much I loved him.
BLAM
WHEEOO WHEEOO WHEEO
MATT..?

NO!
CALM DOWN, SON. THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO FOR HIM NOW!
LET GO OF HIM! HE'S BLIND!
CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S BLIND?!
HUH... DIDN'T SEEM LIKE HE WAS BLIND.
WELL, HE IS!

We did it all by the book. The police weren't all that surprised that Sweeney and Slade were involved and it wasn't long before they were arrested.
But, on the day of the bail hearing, suddenly, they had some Park Avenue attorney.
His hair gel cost more than what Foggy and I were wearing.
...GIVEN THE SEVERITY OF THE CRIME, THE PEOPLE REQUEST ONE MILLION DOLLARS BAIL FOR EACH OF THE DEFENDANTS.
YOUR HONOR, I MOVE THAT THE CHARGES BE DROPPED AND THE CASE DISMISSED.
AS THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE IS AWARE, THE CASE AGAINST MY CLIENTS IS TOTALLY CIRCUMSTANTIAL.
NO MURDER WEAPON WAS EVER RECOVERED.
BOTH MR. SWEENEY AND MR. SLADE HAVE ALIBIS FOR THEIR WHEREABOUTS ON THE EVENING IN QUESTION.
TO SAY NOTHING OF THE HIGHLY ILLOGICAL MOTIVE THAT THEY WOULD MURDER THE SAME MAN WHO MR. SWEENEY HAD INVESTED HUGE SUMS OF MONEY IN --
-- FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF MAKING HIM HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!
IN OTHER WORDS, THEIR CASE ISN'T WORTH PEANUTS, YOUR HONOR.
OR, AS IT PERTAINS, PISTACHIO NUTS.
I, TOO, HAVE LOOKED OVER THE PARTICULARS, AS WELL AS YOUR BRIEF, COUNSELOR, AND I CONCUR.
CASE DISMISSED.
BAM

YOUR HONOR -- THIS IS A CAPITAL OFFENSE!
AND WHEN YOU'VE DONE YOUR HOMEWORK A LOT BETTER, YOU ARE WELCOME TO REFILE CHARGES.
NO! THIS IS WRONG!
WHAT DID THEY DO, JUDGE, BUY YOU OFF?!
BAM BAM BAM
MR. MURDOCK, YOU ARE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO BEING HELD IN CONTEMPT.
MATT, MATT, I KNOW YOU'RE UPSET --
-- BUT THAT'S A JUDGE YOU'RE TALKING TO!
LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YA, KID.
DON'T STEP INTO THE RING, UNLESS YOU KNOW YOU'RE GONNA WIN.
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, MATT. WE'LL GET OUR DAY IN COURT, YOU'LL SEE.


Time had passed and we still hadn't had "our day in court."
The case had stalled. They couldn't find the gun. There were no fingerprints, even on the pistachio nuts.
Soon, the police had other priorities.
I had only one.
MATTHEW MURDOCK, I AM ESPECIALLY PROUD TO CONGRATULATE YOU FOR BEING CHOSEN CLASS VALEDICTORIAN.
YOU HAVE SHOWN US THAT NO MATTER HOW LARGE THE ADVERSITY, THE INDIVIDUAL CAN TRIUMPH.
THANK YOU, SIR.
My Dad did everything he could do to see to it I graduated from Law School.
Now it was my turn to do something for him.
COME ON, PAL, WE'VE GOT A LOT TO DISCUSS.
IS IT GONNA BE "NELSON AND MURDOCK" OR "MURDOCK AND NELSON"?
IT CAN WAIT, FOGGY.
AND WHAT ABOUT A SECRETARY?
YOU'RE NOT GONNA LEAVE ME TO PICK ONE OUT ALL BY MY LONESOME, ARE YA?